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[BY GEORGE BOND.

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### REVIEW.

Remarks on the disorders of Literary Men; or, An inquiry into the means of preventing the evils usually incident to sedentary and studious habits. Boston. 12mo. pp. 92. 1825.

The mixture of good with evil, of pain with pleasure, of wrong with right, is an inseparable condition of every phenomenon which occurs within the goodly frame of man, proudly named by profound metaphysicians, the microcosm—the little world. Ambition, love, avarice, all the passions which tend to the gratification of desire, are equally subject with those which have aversion for their object, to this immutable law of our nature, which allots to every advantage man enjoys, some evil sufficient to counterbalance all the power of its attraction and all the seduction of its delights. Intellect, that powerful engine, to which man owes his elevation above the brute creation, and to whose real or fancied perfectibility he fondly looks forward for the consummation of his ardent aspirations to boundless power over space, matter, and time itself, even this faculty, or “bundle of faculties” is subject to derangement, and disorder, and overthrow. Need we refer to our lunatic asylum for evidence of this lamentable fact, when instances are constantly occurring within the reach of every individual’s experience, of minds of the loftiest powers tumbling down from their enviable heights at the touch of even so slighted a foe, as bodily disease, and altogether whelmed in the unequal conflict? Where then is the sublime eloquence that could command the applause, and subdue the hearts of thousands?—where the flight of fancy that glanced from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven?—or where the ray of reason that illumined the dark void of nature and unfolded her mysteries and fathomed her depths? “All overthrown, harsh, and out of tune.”

It may be painful to expose the infirmities to which the mind of man is liable, but it is not wholly useless. An investigation of the causes which conspire to reduce it to this state, will develop some that are not under the control of prevention or cure, but a far greater number which may be obviated by care, or overcome and removed by skill. The latter are more directly arising from the connexion subsisting between body and mind, and hence their effects are more amenable to the laws which regulate corporeal infirmities and to the means of their removal. The disorders of men of literary habits are in the greater number of instances, owing to a neglect of bodily

health, which cannot long suffer without involving the integrity of the mind itself and which is too often overlooked until the latter effect has already taken place, or when, in other words, it is too late. To supply men of study and learning with rules for the due preservation of their bodily healths, it is scarcely necessary to do more than to instruct them in the laws of Hygiene, and yet as this has not been found sufficient, books after books have been written addressed more especially to those of this class, with what good effect it is not easy to determine.

The production now before us is of the number of these, and although it is not entitled to any great claims on the score of originality or fine writing, it is surely not obnoxious to the illiberal and flippant censure which a cotemporary journal has cast upon it.\* It will be found a useful compendium of the most important observations made by eminent writers on the preservation of the health of literary men. And although in this country we cannot claim a very great proportion of this genus, still we have an abundant number of students, both those who are so in name and so in deed, who will be amply profited by a perusal of this judicious little volume.

We shall now quote several of the most interesting sections in the book, by way of exhibiting the author’s manner:

‘A certain equilibrium must be kept up between the energies of the body and the mind. Torpor of mind, with bodily exercise, will produce melancholy and consumption, as well as mental labour with sedentary habits. One who has no business to exercise his mind, can bear no fatigue of body—the least exertion wearies him. But the man who is actively engaged in the affairs of the world, whose intellectual faculties are constantly on the stretch, is continually in motion, yet seldom fatigued;—he walks miles every day without the consciousness of the least languor or uneasiness. If he is confined but one day to his house, whilst the calculations of business are going on in his mind, he begins to complain;—he finds activity of body absolutely necessary to support that equilibrium of which we have spoken, and without which the functions of the system will always deviate from their natural course, and its powers be eventually exhausted. It is equally true, that when the mind is inactive, the body may be so too without injury to the health; (although moderate exercise of both is necessary to a vigorous constitution;) thus idiots always live a torpid kind of life, and yet

are subject to none of the diseases usually incident to sedentary men. The hypochondriac is enervated in body as well as mind; the maniac is not only fierce, but strong and active; and the idiot is both indolent and slothful. Were it intense-ness of thought which produces disease, why should we not find it as often among kings, and senators, and ambassadors, and men extensively engaged in commerce, as among sedentary students? Their minds are as constantly exerted, and their anxieties are far more oppressive. A native of one of the cantons of Switzerland, whilst he was employed in mercantile business, which required great and unremitting exertion of his corporeal, as well as intellectual faculties, enjoyed the most perfect and uninterrupted health. At the age of forty, feeling a desire to become a philosopher, he wound up his affairs, and took to poring over the metaphysics of Locke, and the Principia of Newton. These new occupations gave him no opportunity for bodily exercise, at all proportioned to that of his mind, and a disordered brain was the early consequence. A cessation of study, with a few medical remedies, soon restored his reason and his health; but again dipping into the sublime, geometry, and metaphysical abstraction, he once more lost his senses.

“The longer intense thought is continued, the more does the vital energy become accumulated in the brain, and deficient in every other part of the body; this is exemplified by the fact familiar to every student, that when he has been thinking a long time, his thoughts are more vivid, and flow every hour more smoothly and rapidly along; but when that train is ended, a burning heat is felt in the brain, and extreme languor in every other part. This tendency produces, according to other circumstances, various kinds of inflammations, tumours, dropsy, headach, delirium, convulsions, lethargy or apoplexy. It is from this cause that learned divines in preaching, and learned professors in delivering their lectures, have sometimes expired in their chairs; and it was thus too that king Attalus died, in the assembly of Thebes, whilst he was animating the Bœotians by an harangue, to enter into an alliance with the Romans. Morgagni mentions a preaching monk who was seized with an apoplexy before his congregation; and a professor at Berne, deeply versed in the oriental languages, —a man in the prime of life, but of indefatigable industry, sunk into a state of idiocy in consequence of pressure on his brain. Numerous other examples might be mentioned of the fatal results of this determination to the head, which is produced by study, and which is favoured by

\* See U. S. Literary Gazette, for Oct. 15.

the bending position usually and almost necessarily assumed by literary men.

If then it is found that the exercise of one organ, and the position which is required, produces an accumulation of blood in that organ, what depth of physiological learning is required to teach us that a change of position and the exercise of other organs will produce a determination of that fluid to them, and thus restore the equilibrium of health. If then our students would only study as much as they do, and exercise more, we should not be called so often to mingle in the sorrows of society for the loss of its most beloved and most learned members; and if they would only be careful to exercise as much as they study, they might study much more than they do, and yet enjoy perfect health.

When the brain labours constantly, and alone, it robs not only the organs of locomotion, but of digestion; and nothing but general exercise can restore justice to both. After a luxurious meal, the stomach requires so much of the vital energy, that it can spare but little to other parts of the body; and if it be forcibly abstracted by mental exertion, the food lies a heavy, imperfectly digested mass, on an organ with which the system sympathizes more readily than with any other part of the whole animal economy. Hence we see why luxurious living is totally inconsistent with much reflection.

Violent exercise immediately after a full meal, retards the process of digestion almost as much as intense study; nor do we rely entirely on physiological reasoning for these facts. After two dogs had eaten abundantly, one was made to lie still in the corner, and the other taken to the chase. At the end of a certain time they were both killed; on examining the contents of the stomach, the food was found undigested in that of the latter, but reduced to a homogeneous mass in the stomach of the former. We all know how great is the relief which old people and those whose constitutions are not vigorous, receive from a nap after dinner; it allows the chief energies to be exerted in the stomach, almost the whole body else being entirely at rest. Hence, too, why fools, who have already been mentioned more than once, not only live without thought and without exercise, but digest well, though they eat enormously—a fact noticed by Conf. Fleming, in the preface of his *Neuropathia*, and which most of us, who have seen an idiot, have remarked for ourselves.

Some hours after a *temperate* meal, when the stomach is not loaded, the mechanical effect, and the invigorating nature of bodily exercise, are required to promote the digestive functions; but after a *luxurious banquet*, more rest and more subsequent exercise are necessary. With a proper degree of abstemiousness, this extra time might be devoted to study, and thus not only much be gained for ap-

plication, but all the evils avoided, which result from filling the stomach with too great a quantity or variety of food. If, then, with this strict regard to temperance, sufficient exercise be taken daily to restore the equilibrium of the vital energy, great mental exertions may be rendered not only safe and agreeable, but salutary to the system. But when these rules are not regarded, when a man whose pursuits are of a sedentary, profound, and single nature, is satisfied with walking to church and back again twice every Sunday, and on the intermediate days, only to a friend's house to dine, and home again to study, it is most palpably certain that the constant contention thus kept up between the organs of digestion and of thought, without that bodily exercise, which alone can impart its due to each, must produce a long train of painful and dangerous disorders. Thus are the diseases to which sedentary men are liable, produced, not so much by study, as by the neglect of necessary exercise, and too great indulgence in the pleasures of society."

"*Female Society.*—In our preceding pages we have adverted to the best modes of amusement and relaxation for those hours, during which the usual employments of the student are suspended. In making choice of these amusements, reference must be had to the peculiar habits of men of this character; what to vulgar minds would afford satisfaction, can have no charms for them; they require something intellectual, even in their intervals of occupation; and their pleasures must partake more or less of that exalted character which belongs peculiarly to their serious employments. Nothing is so well calculated to effect the object which we have mentioned, nothing so admirable fitted to fill up the elegant leisure of the scholar, as the society of women. That the society of the intelligent and refined of either sex can afford great pleasure, and that to those who are capable of enjoying it, it is the greatest of all enjoyments, is undoubted;—but the softer sex must be allowed to possess some peculiar advantages. Conversation with men requires some exertion, exacts some labour; there must always be something more or less approaching to contention, in discussions with those who are constituted like ourselves. If our opinions are different, there will be dispute in maintaining—if similar, rivalry in maintaining them; and in consequence there will be more or less effort. In conversation with women there is nothing of all this; nature has established a mutual spirit of concession between the sexes, which prevents it. If we dispute with a female, it is because by so doing we protract the pleasure of the conversation. If we assent to her opinion, it is the heart which yields before the understanding, and the latter becomes a willing slave to the former. The man of letters experiences this more than any other. Habitually devoted to what is beautiful and engaging, he finds in the

society of women his fairest visions realized. Their gaily charms, and their wit amuses him; while on the other hand, he finds, in the hope of creating a corresponding emotion, both the motive and the means of eloquence.

"From the most remote antiquity, at least as long as the sciences and the arts have been cultivated, they have derived more or less aid from this reciprocal feeling, which attracts the sexes towards each other. It is generally believed that Sappho is indebted to her love for Phaon, for much of that celebrity which her beautiful poetry has obtained. The beauty and wit of Aspasia of Miletus, made her house the resort of the science and literature of Greece; all who were distinguished by taste and refinement, flocked to the lectures which she delivered on eloquence, philosophy, and politics. Socrates, Pericles, Alcibiades, were among her disciples; and the former attributed to her instruction all the eloquence which he possessed. Cicero, so celebrated for the purity of his style, asserts that he had perfected it in the polished society of Roman ladies. Pliny the younger, while engaged in the ardent pursuit of learning, found his highest gratification in the society of Calpurnia, whose fondness for him extended itself to those studies in which he took so lively an interest. In more modern times we have the example of Descartes, who passed at the court of Elizabeth, Princess of Bohemia, his scholar and his friend, the most happy period of his life. He kept up with her a constant correspondence; and when she was unfortunate, offered her that sympathy which his own experience of suffering so well fitted him both to apply and appreciate. The attachment of this philosopher to Christiana, Queen of Sweden, is well known. This great princess valued his society so highly, that during the rigors of a northern winter, she received his visits at the hour of five in the morning; a plan which must have imposed a heavy penance both on the philosopher and herself. Many letters of Frederic II. to the countess of Camas, prove how much he valued those intervals of business which he could devote to the conversation of agreeable and intelligent woman. Zimmermann devoted his leisure to the society of his wife and some of her female friends, who added to all other charms of the sex, those of an elegant and accomplished mind; and he found in it the best remedy for that melancholy to which he was so remarkably subject. We might lengthen this list by the names of many other men of equal celebrity; but the familiarity of our readers with literary history renders it unnecessary."

#### DISSIMULATION.

Did men bestow the pains to mend, that they did to conceal their failings, they would spare themselves the uneasiness of dissimulation, and in time acquire real merit.



## SELECTIONS.

The following remarks from the last number [84] of the Edinburgh Review, are from the pen of the able editor, F. Jeffrey, Esq. and will be perused with pleasure and profit

[ED. AM. ATH.

## NATIONAL GENIUS AND TASTE.

There are few things that at first sight appear more capricious and unaccountable than the diversities of National Taste; and yet there are not many, that to a certain extent at least, admit of a clearer explanation. They form evidently a section in the great chapter of National Character; and, proceeding on the assumption, that human nature is every where fundamentally the same, it is not perhaps very difficult to indicate, in a general way, the circumstances which have distinguished it into so many local varieties.

These may be divided into two great classes—the one embracing all that relates to the newness or antiquity of the society to which they belong, or, in other words, to the stage which any particular nation has attained in that great progress from rudeness to refinement, in which all are engaged;—the other comprehending what may be termed the accidental cause by which the character and condition of communities may be affected; such as their government, their relative position, as to power and civilization, to neighbouring countries, their prevailing occupations, determined in some degree by the capabilities of their soil and climate, and more than all, perhaps, as to the question of Taste, the still more accidental circumstance of the character of their first models of excellence, or the kind of merit by which their admiration and national vanity had been first excited.

It is needless to illustrate these obvious sources of peculiarity at any considerable length. It is not more certain that all primitive communities proceed to civilization by nearly the same stages, than that the progress of taste is marked by corresponding gradations, and may, in most cases, be distinguished into periods, the order and succession of which is nearly as uniform and determined. If tribes of savage men always proceed under ordinary circumstances, from the occupation of hunting to that of pasturage—from that to agriculture, and from that to commerce and manufactures, the sequence is scarcely less invariable in the history of letters and art. In the former, verse is uniformly antecedent to prose—marvellous legends to correct history—exaggerated sentiments to just representations of nature. Invention, in short, regularly comes before judgment, warmth of feeling before correct reasoning—and splendid declamation and broad humour before delicate simplicity or refined wit. In the arts again the progress is strictly analagous—from mere monstrosity to ostentatious displays of labour and design, first in massive formality, and next in fantastical minuteness, variety, and flutter of parts,—and then, through

the gradations of startling contrasts and over-wrought expression, to the repose and simplicity of graceful nature.

These considerations alone explain much of that contrariety of taste by which different nations are distinguished. They not only start in the great career of improvement at different times, but they advance in it with different velocities, some lingering longer in one stage than another; some obstructed and some helped forward, by circumstances operating on them from within or from without. It is the unavoidable consequence, however, of their being in any one particular position, that they will judge of their own productions and those of their neighbours, according to that standard of taste which belongs to the place they then hold in this great circle;—and that a whole people will look on their neighbours with wonder and scorn, for admiring what their own grandfathers looked on with equal admiration; while they themselves are scorned and vilified in return, for tastes which will infallibly be adopted by the grand-children of those who despise them.

What we have termed the accidental causes of great differences in beings of the same nature, do not of course admit of quite so simple an exposition. But it is not in reality more difficult to prove their existence and explain their operation. Where great and degrading despotisms have been early established, either by the aid of superstition or of mere force, as in most of the states of Asia, or where small tribes of mixed descent have been engaged in perpetual contention for freedom and superiority, as in Ancient Greece—where the ambition and faculties of individuals have been chained up by the institution of castes and indelible separations, as in India and Egypt, or where all men practise all occupations and aspire to all honours, as in Germany or Britain,—where the sole occupation of the people has been war, as in infant Rome, or where a pacific population has been for ages inured to mechanical drudgery, as in China—it is needless to say, that very opposite notions of what conduces to delight and amusement must necessarily prevail; and that the Taste of the nation must be affected both by the sentiments which it has been taught to cultivate, and the capacities it has been led to unfold.

The influence of early models, however, is perhaps the most considerable of any; and may be easily enough understood. When men have been accustomed to any particular kind of excellence, they naturally become good judges of it, and account certain considerable degrees of it indispensable—while they are comparatively blind to the merit of other good qualities to which they had been less habituated, and are not offended by their absence. Thus those nations, who, like the English and Dutch, have been long accustomed to great cleanliness and order in their persons and dwellings, naturally look with admiration on the higher displays of those qualities, and are pro-

portionally disgusted by their neglect; while they are apt to undervalue mere pomp and stateliness, when destitute of these recommendations: And thus also the Italians and Sicilians, bred in the midst of dirt and magnificence, are curiously alive to the beauties of architecture and sculpture, and make but little account of the more homely comforts which are so highly prized by the others. In the same way, if a few of the first successful adventurers in art should have excelled in any particular qualities, the taste of their nation will naturally be moulded on that standard—will regard those qualities almost exclusively as entitled to admiration, and will not only consider the want of them as fatal to all pretensions to excellence, but will unduly despise and undervalue other qualities, in themselves not less valuable, but with which, their national models had not happened to make them timeously familiar.—If, for example, the first popular writers in any country should have distinguished themselves by a pompous and severe regularity, and a certain elaborate simplicity of design and execution, it will naturally follow, that the national taste will not only become critical and rigorous as to these particulars, but will be proportionally deadened to the merit of vivacity, nature and invention, when combined with irregularity, homeliness, or confusion. While, if the great patriarchs of letters had excelled in variety and rapidity of invention, and boldness and truth of sentiment, though poured out with considerable disorder and incongruity of manner, these qualities would quickly come to be the national criterion of merit, and the correctness and decorum of the other school be despised, as mere recipes for monotony and tameness.

These, we think, are the plain and certain effects of the peculiar character of the first great popular writers of all countries. But still we do not conceive that they depend altogether on any thing so purely accidental as the temperament or early history of a few individuals. No doubt the national taste of France and of England would this at moment have been different, had *Shakspeare* been a Frenchman, and Boileau and Racine written in English. But then, we do not think that *Shakspeare* could have been a Frenchman; and we conceive that his character, and that of other original writers, though no doubt to be considered on the whole as casual, must yet have been modified to a great extent by the circumstances of the countries in which they were bred. It is plain that no original force of genius could have enabled *Shakspeare* to write as he has done, if he had been born and bred among the Chinese or the Peruvians. Neither do we think that he could have done so, in any other country but England—free, sociable, discursive, reformed, familiar England—whose motley and mingled population not only presented 'every change of many-coloured life' to his eye, but taught and permitted every

class, from the highest to the lowest, to know and to estimate the feelings and the habits of all the others—and thus enabled the gifted observer not only to deduce the true character of human nature from this infinite variety of experiments and examples, but to speak to the sense and the hearts of each, with that truly universal tongue, which every one feels to be peculiar, and all enjoy as common.

We have said enough, however, or rather too much, on these general views of the subject—which in truth is sufficiently clear in those extreme cases where the contrariety is great and universal, and is only perplexing when there is a pretty general uniformity both in the causes which influence taste and in the results. Thus, we are not at all surprised to find the taste of the Japanese or the Iroquois very different from our own—and have no difficulty in both admitting that our human nature and human capacities are substantially the same, and of referring this discrepancy to the contrast that exists in the whole state of society, and the knowledge and the opposite qualities of the objects to which we have been respectively accustomed to give our admiration. That nations living in times or places altogether remote, should disagree in taste as in every thing else, seems to us quite natural. They are only the nearer cases that puzzle. And, that great European countries, peopled by the same mixed races, educated in the admiration of the same classical models—venerating the same remains of antiquity—engaged substantially in the same occupations—communicating every day, on business, letters, and society—bound up, in short, in one great commonwealth, as against the inferior and barbarous parts of the world, should yet differ so widely—not only as to the comparative excellence of their respective productions, but as to the constituents of excellence in all works of genius or skill, does indeed sound like a paradox, the solution of which every one may not be able to deduce from the preceding observations.

The great practical equation on which we in this country have hitherto been most frequently employed, has been between our own standard of taste and that which is recognised among our neighbours of France.—And certainly, though feelings of rivalry have somewhat aggravated its *apparent*, beyond its real amount, there is a great and substantial difference to be accounted for in the way we have suggested—or in some other way. Stating that difference as generally as possible, we would say, that the French, compared with ourselves, are more sensitive to faults, and less transported with beauties—more enamoured of arts, and less indulgent to nature—more charmed with overcoming difficulties, than with that power which makes us unconscious of their existence—more averse to strong emotions, or at least less covetous of them in their intensity—

more students of taste, in short, than adorers of genius—and far more disposed than any other people, except the Chinese, to circumscribe the rules of taste to such as they themselves have been able to practise, and to limit the legitimate empire of genius to provinces they have explored. There has been a good deal of discussion of late years, in the face of literary Europe, on these debatable grounds; and we cannot but think that the result has been favourable, on the whole, to the English, and that the French have been compelled to recede considerably from many of their exclusive pretensions—a result which we are inclined to ascribe, less to the arguments of our native champions, than to those circumstances in the recent history of Europe, which have compelled our ingenious neighbours to mingle more than they had ever done before with the surrounding nations—and thus to become better acquainted with the diversified forms which genius and talent may assume.

But while we are thus fairly in the way of settling our differences with France, we are little more than beginning them, we fear, with Germany; and the perusal of the extraordinary novel of Goethe, which has suggested all the preceding reflections, has given us, at the same time, an opinion of such radical, and apparently irreconcilable disagreement as to principles, as we can scarcely hope either to remove by our reasonings, or even very satisfactorily to account for by our suggestions.

*Wilhelm Meister* is allowed, by the general consent of Germany, to be the greatest work of their greatest writer. The most original, the most varied and inventive,—the most characteristic, in short, of the author, and of his country. We receive it as such accordingly, with implicit faith and suitable respect; and have perused it in consequence, with very great attention and no common curiosity. We have perused it, indeed, only in the translation of which we have prefixed the title: But it is a translation by a professional admirer, and by one who is proved by his preface to be a person of talents, and by every part of the work to be no ordinary master, at least, of one of the languages with which he has to deal. We need scarcely say, that we profess to judge of the work only by our own principles of judgment and habit of feeling; and meaning nothing less than to dictate to the readers or the critics of Germany what they should think of their own favourite authors, propose only to let them know, in all plainness and modesty, what we, and we really believe most of our countrymen, actually think of this *chef d'œuvre* of Teutonic genius.

We must say then, at once, that we cannot enter into the spirit of this German idolatry; nor at all comprehend upon what grounds the work before us could ever be considered as an admirable, or even a commendable performance. To us it cer-

tainly appears, after the most deliberate consideration, to be eminently absurd, puerile, incongruous, vulgar, and affected; and, though redeemed by considerable powers of invention, and some traits of vivacity, to be so far from perfection as to be, almost from beginning to end, one flagrant offence against every principle of taste, and every just rule of composition. Though indicating, in many places, a mind capable both of acute and of profound reflection, it is full of mere silliness and childish affectation;—and though evidently the work of one who had seen and observed much, it is throughout altogether unnatural, and not so properly improbable, as affectedly fantastic and absurd—kept, as it were, studiously aloof from general or ordinary nature—never once bringing us into contact with real life or genuine character—and, where not occupied by the professional squabbles, paltry jargon, and scencal profligacy of strolling players, tumblers, and mummers, (which may be said to form its staple,) is conversant only with incomprehensible mystics and vulgar men of whim, with whom, if it were at all possible to understand them, it would be a baseness to be acquainted. Every thing, and every body we meet with, is a riddle and an oddity; and though the tissue of the story is sufficiently coarse, and the manners and sentiments infected with a strong tinge of vulgarity, it is all kept in the air, like a piece of machinery at the minor theatres, and never allowed to touch the solid ground, or to give an impression of reality, by the disclosure of known or living features. In the midst of all this, however, there are, every now and then, out-breakings of a fine speculation, and gleams of a warm and sprightly imagination—an occasional wild and exotic glow of fancy and poetry—a vigorous heaping up of incidents, and touches of bright and powerful description.

It is not very easy certainly to account for these incongruities, or to suggest an intelligible theory for so strange a practice. But in so far as we can guess, the peculiarities of German taste are to be referred, in part, to the comparative newness of original compositions among that ingenious people, and to the state of European literature when they first ventured on the experiment—and in part to the state of society in that great country itself, and the comparatively humble condition of the greater part of those who write, or to whom writing is there addressed.

*To be Continued.*

#### DEATH.

I have scarce known a peasant that was troubled with one moment's thought how he should pass his last hour. Nature teacheth him not to think of death before it comes, and then he behaves with a better grace than Aristotle himself, whom death distressed doubly, in itself, and in anxious foresight.



## WOMAN'S HATE.

*A Sketch from a Spanish Tale.*

"Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turn'd,  
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorn'd."

Congreve.

"What! woman—whose form, whose voice, whose soul, seem made for love and gentleness alone—invert the order of her being, and dedicate herself to the dark purposes of hatred and revenge! I'll not believe it!"—exclaimed a noble-looking youth to an elderly gentleman, companion with him in the parlour of an inn at Dover. Having exhausted, in their journey from Paris, together, the common topics of conversation, they had now sought a new and worthier theme of discussion—the varieties of the human heart. Nature and age assisted in forming a strong and distinctive dissimilarity in the appearance of the two. The clear, open, unclouded brow of the one, bore the impress of joyousness and buoyant gaiety; whilst on that of the other, care, anxiety and acerbity were indelibly stamped.

"Aye," replied the latter, "and at your period of life, ere observation had taught me the fallacy of the doctrine, I should have received the assertion I made to you with the same incredulity; but assure yourself that I speak only truth, when I aver that, as intensely as woman can love, she can hate. Long and fearful, I acknowledge, must be the combat in her soul, ere she consents to wind up her energies to this frightful consummation. An earthquake of conflicting passions, each striving for mastery in her breast, must shake her spirit to its foundation; she must love, deeply, fondly love, yet be abandoned by him whom she loves. She must be wronged, despised, scorned, and caluminated, before the tender sympathy of her nature will turn to bitterness and gall. But that the fairest bosom can heave with the deadliest vengeance, the brightest eye flash with the wildest fury, I have seen"—and he shuddered as he spoke.

"When, where?" eagerly demanded his youthful interrogator; "let me know the country where such feelings are generated, that I may avoid it."

"What country? Think you that the heart, like the soil we tread, recognises the restriction of limits and landmarks? That it owns, and is tributary to the localities of earthly space? That its dominion varies with clime or continent, and that a peculiar tract or territory of ground determines its operations? No! Human nature is essentially the same throughout the world. The forms of society may establish a line of demarcation between the untutored savage and the civilized European, and assign to the one a pre-eminence over the other. But the distinction extends only to their outward bearing; for are they not alike internally accessible to the same influences, governed by the same passions, subject to the same contingences, obnoxious to the same feelings?"

"But these may be directed and controlled by superior illumination."

"That I admit. Combinations, circumstances, even climate, may unite their aid to give to the same actions a different aspect; but it is for the universality of the one governing principle which produces them, whose empire is general, whose source is changeless, that I contend."

"May I ask if your opinions are the result of observation?"

"Of anxious research, and long and continued observation. My appearance indicates that I have numbered many years; forty of these I have devoted to one single pursuit, the study of human nature. It is the knowledge I have sought after with unwearied zeal, the science I have prosecuted with unabated ardour. I have visited distant lands, versed myself in foreign languages, with a reference to this object. Not for the petty distinction of having traversed more leagues, and heard stranger tongues than my neighbours: my aim has been to circumnavigate the heart of man. I have done this—I have dived into its inmost recesses, explored its furthest realms. My spiritual plummet has dared to fathom its perilous depths. The stormy sea of human passions has been the ocean I loved to range, and watch its waves in sleep or storm. My voyage has been a fearful and eventful one, and many a tale of terror and gloom has it stored in memory's harbour."

"I have been convinced of the existence of many a feeling, which for the dignity of our nature I had rather have believed dormant in the fathomless abyss of oblivion. But if I have touched on isles of darkness, I have also found many a spot of verdant beauty; for believe me, Sir, man is not the debased and degraded being by nature, which the modern fashionable advocates of licentiousness find it their interest to represent, because it assimilates better with their own practice. Virtue is as indigenous to the soil, as vice. But enough of this—an old man's reflections can have but little charm for the ear of a youth like you."

"Not so, indeed. You mentioned, Sir, I think, having yourself witnessed an illustration of your theory of woman's hate: if no infringement of secrecy, or violation of feeling, may I solicit the particulars of the instance?"

"The gratification of your request will interfere with neither of these; she to whom I alluded, when furnishing me with the facts, bound me to no oath of silence, and is now herself sleeping where the ban of earthly censure can never reach her. Reflect, however, on what you ask. If the belief in woman's undeviating tenderness contributes to your happiness, why seek to dispel the illusion? And that your faith may be shaken, after hearing the little tale I am about to disclose, is probable."

"Never—I may, and doubtless shall, regard it as a singular aberration from general rules, not as an example of common occurrence.—Is it historical?"

"It is. During a sojourn at Cadiz, in pursuance of my uniform practice I visited the prisons of the city. In one of these the heroine of my story was confined—for what crime you will know hereafter; she was ill, and I attended her voluntarily in my medical capacity, for she interested me much. At one of my visits she placed in my possession a bundle of papers, with an injunction to give them into the hands of her child, who was not allowed direct communication with her. I sought, and found the house where the boy resided; but him to whom my visit was made I found a corpse! An accident had that very morning deprived him of life. I hastened back to his mother with the fearful news and here, by a singular and fatal coincidence, a scene of death awaited me also; she had been tried, condemned, and the following day fixed for her execution. To avoid the public ignominy of a scaffold, she had preferred the dreadful alternative of self-murder, and swallowed a quantity of poison. I found her in the last agonies of dissolution—senseless and speechless—a few brief minutes passed, and the strong convulsion subsided—the bosom heaved its last sigh, and the body alone remained tenant of the cell—the spirit was in eternity!"

"For awhile I kept the MS. without opening it; but ere I quitted Cadiz I perused it; I found a family of high distinction implicated in the narrative, and to his care whom most it involved, I transmitted the document. Before parting with the original, however, I made a sketch in my own language from it, of the leading events: this I have preserved, and shall have much pleasure in allowing you to inspect; the substitution of fictitious names for the real ones is the only alteration I have adopted."

He opened a small portmanteau, and selecting from it a packet of papers, deposited them with his youthful fellow-traveller, who read as follows:—

"Sebastian, my boy, for thy sake thy wretched mother consents to become the historian of her own injuries, the registrar of her own guilt. It was in the beautiful and romantic vale of Medellin, Estramadura, that I drew my first breath. My parents, in honest and contented industry, followed the humble occupation of peasants. They did not feel their poverty; they gained sufficient by diligence and frugality to supply the exigencies of life, and its meretricious wants were to them utterly unknown. The welfare of their offspring, consisting of myself and one brother, formed their whole care: him at an early age they were induced to confide to the charge of an opulent merchant, who traded in the Levant, and who stipulated to requite, at the expiration of a certain term of years, his heretofore unpaid services, by providing for and establishing him in his own profession. Thus relieved from anxiety on his account, my parents were left to concentrate their increased interest in me; and the sole aim and effort



of their being appeared to be, to promote the happiness of their beloved Zidonia; and in this they were for a while successful. My youth was passed in almost unearthly peace. My spirit's bloom, like the air I inhaled, fragrant with the blossoms that sighed around me, was balmy and pure. Sickness approached me not, grief came not near me. My life, as it were, resembled the tinted rainbow, where joy, happiness, and serenity bent their soft and brilliant hues into one beautiful whole. In the midst of a restless world of sorrow and discord, I could have fancied myself some fairy creation exempted from the contagion of its sufferings—the palpable impersonation of a dream, the native of some celestial sphere, where the Madonna breathed over her children the exhalations of her heavenly grace. I yet love to linger, O! I could for ever linger on this delicious portion of the past. But I must onward in my narrative; I must fling from my pen the odour that clings about it, while retracing the halcyon days of my infancy and youth, to steep it in the gall which embitters the record of after years. You have seen my picture, Sebastian; but though somewhat like me, it fails to afford any adequate notion of my then transcendent loveliness. I was stamped with the lineaments of an angel, only to be the medium of transforming my mind to that of a fiend. Perchance you may think your mother says false, when she tells you that these eyes now glaring in their sockets, which have often caused you to shrink back and tremble, had once a tender radiance, soft as the blue depths of a summer sky; that these amber tresses, which the storm of grief hath bleached with its touch, were bright and shining as our orange groves! Why should I speak of beauty, but to curse and deprecate its possession. The deviation in the character of my beauty, from the complexion of my countrywomen, attracted universal regard and admiration, and collected around me all the youth of our village in homage and devotion. I smiled approval on all of them, but loved not any; when, on my eighteenth birthday, a village fete was prepared in my honour, at which I was elevated to preside as queen of the rural festivities. Though there were many assembled, I saw but one, and he was a stranger, who acknowledged himself drawn thither by the report that had reached him of the peasant's beautiful daughter. It was the young, the handsome, the gallant Marquis Velasco! It was thy father, boy! At that name let the healthful current, which has hitherto flowed in thy veins be changed to bitterness; let poison circulate through thy frame, and only rancour live in thy breast. Humiliating it is, indeed, to confess to a child his mother's infamy; to seek the smothered curse he must breathe on her head for the disgrace she has affixed to his birth; yet it must be done—I would fain deceive the world, but my child shall know my most secret imaginings. Among the highest grandees of our land, the Marquis Velasco had for centu-

ries boasted the proudest name, the purest escutcheon, and the richest inheritance. The present youthful descendant shamed not his ancestry; in outward appearance he was princely, nay godlike: to be brief, he won my love, and, by the degrading use of perfidy and falsehood, obtained the splendid victory over a fond, weak, credulous woman's virtue. When he first approached me, he talked, nay swore, indeed of marriage; but when the prospect of a double claim upon his faith and love appeared, he shrank from the ratification of his promise; he refused to wipe away the indelible stain he had cast upon me, and, by throwing the protection of his name around me, shield me in part from the venomous sting of the world's contumely. No, no—I was to bear, patiently and alone, the soul-harrowing sight of my wretched parents sinking into the grave beneath the weight of their daughter's disgrace. I was to listen, without one tongue to silence the scoffers, to the taunts of malignant rivals, and my reward was to be a few hurried minutes of his presence, a few heartless kisses—and my burning tears were to be repaid by the offer of a few paltry pieces of gold! Yes, he mocked my misery, by seriously assuring me that all my wants should be provided for.—All my wants! Could the wealth of worlds repay to me the treasure I had forfeited? Could the richest pearls compensate the tears that anguish had wrung from my heart's mine? Oh! never.—Midst the wailings of my parents, and the scarcely suppressed curses of your mother, you were born into the world. No rapturous kiss of holy joy greeted your appearance; no prayer of devout thanksgiving hallowed your birth. As I gazed on you, I saw the image of your false father reflected back in every lineament of your countenance, and I could have hurled you from me; but I did not. I wildly clasped you to my bosom, and my emotion vented itself in a deep, a dreadful oath of vengeance on the author of your hapless being. Time rolled on, and if aught could have softened the stern vindictiveness of my spirit, it would have been the constant contemplation of thy beauty and innocence: but these only served as an additional stimulus to my dreadful purpose. Velasco occasionally visited me, and, in order effectually to throw him off his guard, and defeat his suspicion of the existence of any hostile feeling in my breast toward him, I dissembled my animosity, and constrained myself to receive him with an appearance of affection. I wreathed my lip with smiles, while my heart frowned beneath. I thanked him for his kind condescension, in remembering me when all the world had forsaken me, but I did not remind him through whom I had been thus divorced from society. I blessed him with an air of humble gratitude for his liberality!—Liberality!—when the pittance he awarded me from his ample revenue scarcely availed for the subsistence of myself and thee! I hid the flame that was smouldering in my bosom, whose fire

should one day light the altar of everlasting wretchedness in his, nor denounced him as the intended victim of a woman's hate. Various were the schemes of vengeance that I resolved in my mind; but discarded them all, as inadequate to cancel the amount of my injuries; when himself pointed out the means, and placed the weapon of destruction in my hand. My subdued manners had so imposed on him the belief that my passion for him had subsided into a calm and steady friendship, that he was accustomed to seek my judgment in the regulation of his conduct. But he went farther: he made me the confidant of a new passion which he had acquired for Leona, the fair daughter of one of our nobles. Great heaven! the fire that burns in the bosom of Etna is cold to that which raged in mine as I listened to the announcement.—And from his lips, too! Those lips, which, while fondly pressed to mine, had so often vowed to love me alone, and love me ever! He asked my sympathy and assistance—these I gave—whilst swearing to myself to hurl back my wrongs a thousand-fold on the head of him and my detested rival. Let it suffice, that in a few months I was entirely neglected, and I saw my seducer and deserter caressing his bride! Now it was that I began to arrange my system of revenge. Finding it essential to the success of my plan, that my existence should be supposed terminated, I actually wrote a farewell to Velasco, in which I stated my intention of setting fire to the little cottage which contained myself and thee. This I did, and the night of the day on which I had despatched my letter, beheld our humble habitation in flames. During the development of this event I concealed myself with you in the neighbourhood. The event created but a slight sensation; I had been avoided by all when living, and my supposed death was matter of regret to none. But I cared not for sympathy—my plan was better assisted by the absence of it; had I been an object of strong interest, it is probable a longer and stricter search might have been made for my remains; as it was, a very superficial one must have been instituted, or distrust would have been awakened. How he, your father, felt, I had no means of ascertaining; but that he suffered little or nothing I may infer, as he mingled at the period in all the diversions of the city, nor manifested any anxiety to prove the falsehood of the current opinion, that we had perished in the conflagration.

*To be continued.*

#### GOVERNING.

The most artful way of governing others is to seem to be governed by them. The celebrated Hamden was so modest, so humble, that he seemed to have no opinion but what he derived from others. By this means he had a wonderful art of leading men into his principles and views, who all the time believed that they were leading him.



## MR. BROUGHAM.

To properly delineate the mental powers of such a man as Mr. Brougham, who may justly be denominated "the political Chrichton of the age," is a task of very great daring, and still greater difficulty. It is not from the want of materials of such a sketch, but from their abundance, that this difficulty principally arises. We can scarcely turn our eyes to any great question of foreign or domestic policy without observing him eminent in most, and conspicuous in all.—From the education of our children, to the launching of thunders against the despots of the earth—from the exposition of mercantile errors in legislation (though covered with the dust and rubbish of centuries) to the enforcement of political truths, the basis and bulwark of our civil and religious rights—Mr. Brougham's master mind has comprehended and conquered the details of each and of all. Nor is it general subjects of policy alone, with which he has grappled; his astonishing powers have been poured forth with irresistible might in the cause of individuals, as well as of systems and principles. A persecuted queen and a sacrificed missionary have elicited torrents of that eloquence which swept away the "Orders in Council," and the well cemented corruptions of public charities. No subject appears too mean, and none too high, in the vast circle of human suffering and happiness, for his versatile and vigorous intellect. "The mighty monsters of the earth—the oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying villains," are the subjects of the same indignant execration which darts upon and destroys "those petty tyrants, whose scant domains geographer ne'er noticed," who fatten, in their clerical robes, on the charitable funds which were intended to illumine the minds and improve the lives of many a peasant's offspring. All are the same to him—from Alexander, the Autocrat of the Russias, and the ruler of the continental policy, to the puny Vicar of Pocklington, the well endowed master of a free school with no scholars.

In his manner of speaking, Mr. Brougham is as striking and singular as in the effect he is terrible and irresistible. He rises slowly—his features appear confused—his first syllables are stammered out in a low tone—his nose, from some nervous affection, is in constant motion, twitching up and down with great rapidity, and exciting a repulsive sensation in the spectators. In a few seconds, he utters his words with more steadiness; and, after seeming to labour through an exordium, he grapples with his subject—his nervous affection is subdued, and leaves him—his eye kindles, and his voice rises. He now rushes at his victim; he warms himself into a sublime and increasing enthusiasm—he is like an Ajax hurling rocks at his foes—his voice is thunder, and his glance lightning. Terrible in his mental strength, he incorporates earth and heaven—gods and demigods—the blackness of Tartarus and the beauties of Elysium, in his figures.

He spares no pains—he loses no time—he relaxes no effort, until his end be answered. His speech becomes a continuity of torrents, rapid, vigorous, and overpowering—now swelling to the skies, now bursting the bounds of tyranny and oppression, and now moving on in a dreadful stillness only to dash forward again with increasing power. He then perhaps changes his mode of attack—fierce indignation is converted into bitter irony—if the object of his hostility be not withered by his lightnings, he will be exposed in all the accumulated shapes of deformity that wit and ridicule can create. The mouse that is tortured by the cruel frolics and momentary forbearance of grimalkin, cannot be in a worse condition than such a luckless wight—he is set in a mental pillory, where friends and foes are alike obliged to laugh at him—he is then wrung till he writhes with agony by the vulture that has him in its claws. No figure of speech can too strongly express the punishment which Mr. Brougham inflicts upon the ill-starred victims of his indignation—nor can any adequately describe the manner of the infliction. Mr. Brougham, when engaged in this task, has been by some critics compared to a demon rejoicing in the miseries of the condemned; and, by others, to the great African serpent, crushing bone after bone of the wretch it has captured.

In his style, Mr. Brougham is fluent without being verbose—learned without being pedantic—strong without being coarse—and metaphorical without being obscure. His copiousness is the copiousness of ideas, not of words; his speeches teem with thought and point: there is no unnecessary phrase introduced—no labouring for euphonious expressions—no playing with the sense for harmonious alliteratives—all is vigour and grasp. His language is neither elegant nor inelegant—he is seldom refined, like Canning, and never vulgar, like Cobbett; yet he has all the brilliance of the one, and all the strength of the other. But his great forte is sarcasm—sarcasm which none can hear unmoved, and none can bear untortured.

At the Bar, Mr. Brougham is not so eminent as in the senate. There he has musty precedents and contradictory decisions, which baffle alike philosophy and common sense to contend against. There the man who has pored and pondered over absurdities that would make a wise man mad, is the greatest hero. There to know the *Lex scripta* and the *Lex non scripta*, with their myriads of anomalies affecting every petty case, is frequently to be the most useful to a client; but where general principles are to be adduced—where powerful eloquence is to be permitted, and where searching penetration into human motives and actions is to be employed—Mr. Brougham stands unrivalled. In his intimate knowledge of the law he may be inferior to Mr. Scarlett and some others, but in every thing else he is vastly their superior.

Sometimes his subtlety and dexterity

make up for his deficiency in old cases and precedents. When he gets wrong upon some minor point (which he occasionally does) and the opposing counsel are chuckling at the prospect of his defeat, it is astonishing how soon he discovers his error and recovers his ground. He slips through their hands like an eel, while they imagine they have him fast; and, by frequently turning to advantage his own errors, compels these Dominic Sampsons of the law to confine their observations to the simple exclamation of "prodigious."

But a truce to trifling. Mr. Brougham has several times attempted—and always with great, though not complete success, to become representative for his native county of Westmoreland. Perhaps his personal feelings and hereditary pride may point out this county as the chief object of his ambition, but we are sure that we only speak the sense of the best part of the country, when we say that some great county or city should have the benefit of his extensive mercantile knowledge, amazing assiduity in business, and immense powers of eloquence. He would be the greatest acquisition, in a commercial point of view, that a city of merchants and manufacturers could gain, whose various interests are so frequently connected with parliament and the government—while, for a body of freeholders, such as the Westmoreland farmers, he could in a local point of view, do little or nothing.

[Glas. Free-Press.]

## ON GREECE—BY M. SISMONDI.

"At length, Greece belongs to Europe; that glorious Greece, which, groaning under the most shameful and cruel oppression, first sought its virtue in the sacrifice of all its interests to the preservation of Christianity—its knowledge, in an intercourse with the European nations, and which will owe to both its liberty. Greece proves to us that the days of heroism are not over; and that the weakest nations, when their will is determined, are mistresses of their fate. What, then, do those mean who entertain wishes hostile to Greece? Would they encourage apostacy? It is recompensed by the Turks, who grant the apostate absolution for his crimes, and the inheritance of his Christian relations whom he despoils;—who admit him to honors and power. Would they behold the sons and daughters of the Greeks remain at the mercy of the Turks, the ministers and victims of their infamous debaucheries? Do they wish that commerce, the sole mode of acquiring riches in Greece, should continue to be debased by the avidity and perfidy with which the Greeks reproach one another, and to which they have been reduced by excessive oppression? Do they wish that, all other paths to heroic achievement being closed, the only possible courage should be that of *klephtes*, or robbers? Would they see all distinction between justice and injustice effaced from the minds of the people, by the venality of every Turkish judge? Is it the moral or is it the intellectual condi-

tion of the Greeks that they would preserve? The Greeks are the most ingenious people on the face of the earth: it is to their ancestors that we owe all we know, all we are; but since they have been overwhelmed by the government which is now endeavouring to destroy them, they have not added a single discovery to the mental riches of the human race; they have not made a single step in the most simple sciences; in medicine, in chemistry, in natural history: they have no longer any literature, any universities, any schools. And how indeed was it possible that they could accomplish any thing for the common benefit of mankind? They have been driven out of the bounds of civilization, they have not been permitted to retain the knowledge of which the meanest man among us is in possession.

But perhaps to virtue and intelligence, those most noble prerogatives of our species, the friends of the Turks prefer more solid advantages, such as tranquility and wealth. Is it indeed the tranquility of Greece that they wish to preserve? Of Greece, the cemetery of the Mussulmans! Of Greece, where a barbarous soldiery have for four centuries conducted themselves as in a town taken by storm! Of Greece, whose magnificent cities are now but heaps of ruins! Of Greece, in which, for four hundred years, nothing has been built, nothing repaired, nothing planted, nothing cultivated; in which the population does not amount to a twentieth part of the number of the inhabitants which the soil is capable of supporting; in which there remains to the agriculturist, no possible occupation but the pasturage of sheep and goats in the deserts! In truth, we should have fancied that we were calumniating the partizans of the retrograde system, if we had supposed beforehand, that they would interest themselves for the Turks; that they would assimilate themselves to the Turkish government by proclaiming themselves its defenders. Europe, in fact, is unanimous in its wishes on this subject, although the greater part of those who dispose of its power and its riches refuse to employ them in the deliverance of Greece. It is only in two countries of Europe—the country which possesses the least liberty, and the country which possesses the greatest—Germany and England, that a few public journals have declared in favour of the Turks. Since there are men who are hostile to liberty, to virtue, and to intelligence, it is fitting that they should have organs:—thus, in the mines, sub-passages are cut, to permit the escape of mephitic exhalations."

SHERIDAN.

On his physician's remonstrating with him on his habit of drinking ardent spirits, telling him that the brandy, arquebuse, and eau de Cologne, he swallowed, would burn off the coat of his stomach—"Then my stomach," replied he, "must digest its waistcoat, for I cannot help it."

#### IMPRISONMENT.

Man is an imitative being. The force of example is felt and acknowledged by all. We resemble those with whom we associate, in our manners and conversation. If our companions are men by whom honesty is esteemed, we admire it; on the contrary, if we are in habits of intimacy with men of no principle, we become tainted with their opinions. The object of governments in the punishment of criminals, is not only to revenge its broken laws, but to work the reformation of the offender. If then we are so much influenced by the example of those with whom we come in contact, how erroneous is the system of shutting up criminals of every grade in one common prison—of placing the juvenile offender under the baleful influence of the example of the hardened villain. Many of the inmates of our prisons are young persons, who, with proper attention might be reclaimed from the error of their ways. But the young convict is made the companion of those who treat honesty with contempt—of those whose ambition is only the desire to commit crimes, with dexterity, and to evade punishment. He will hear his companions boast of crimes they have committed, as of honours they have won, and he soon desires to signalise himself in the ways of vice. So far is our present method of punishment from reforming the prisoners, that we may safely say, that ninety-nine persons in a hundred, leave our prisons more hardened than they entered.

But it is not alone on account of the effects of evil example, that our present method of punishment is objectionable. The convict, no matter what may have attended the commission of the crime for which he is punished, having once entered our prisons, loses his character for ever—no reformation can place him on a level with the rest of mankind—he is for ever shut out from the society of the virtuous—the path of honest ambition he can no more tread—there is nothing left him by which he can distinguish himself, except villany. What incentive has he then to reformation? Having forfeited the good opinion of mankind, he very soon learns to despise that opinion. He will seek enjoyment in sensuality alone, for all other sources of pleasure are to him dried up. When discharged from prison, without character to lose or reputation to forfeit, with very little fear of punishment, what is there to restrain him from committing new crimes. It is no wonder that our prisons contain those who are serving their third or fourth term—that there are few instances of reformation wrought by punishment. Let those who are young in the ways of vice be punished severely, but let them not suffer a disgrace which nothing can wipe away; let them have a separate place of confinement, where they may not be exposed to the pernicious example and conversation of the old offenders—above all, let them know, that if

they show unequivocal signs of amendment, they will again be received into society, and that their former crimes will be considered as proceeding from indiscretion, rather than badness of heart.—Then will justice pursue her victims, not like a despot who wishes to crush his prey, but like a father, who, while he punishes, seeks the benefit of his children.

[Hart. Times.]

#### EXCEPTIONS.

When the late Lord Orrery and Garrick were discoursing upon theatrical subjects, the peer took occasion to mention Mossop as the greatest tragedian of the age, excepting Garrick himself. "By no means," said the player, "as it is well known that his voice is coarse and unharmonious."—"Well, but excepting his voice, you'll allow him to have all the other requisites of a great tragedian?"—"No; his action has a feature of sameness in it, that must ever destroy the necessary delusion of the scene."—"Well, but Garrick, excepting his voice and action, you'll allow him to have all the other requisites of a great tragedian?"—"No; his conceptions are not governed by truth."—"Well, well, but Garrick, excepting his voice, action, and conception, you'll allow him, I hope, to have all the other requisites of a great tragedian?"—"No; his person is to the last degree ungraceful."—"Well, well, my friend Davy, to be sure I don't understand these matters so well as you; but the devil's in it if you won't allow, excepting his voice, action, conception and person, that he has all the other requisites of a great tragedian?"—"Yes, yes, my lord; allow me those four trifling impediments, and I will give you full credit for your encomium on Mossop."

#### VANITY.

Subdue your restless temper that leads you to aim at pre-eminence in every little circumstance; like many other passions, it obstructs its own end; instead of gaining respect, it renders you a most disagreeable companion.

#### NOON OF NIGHT.

From Byron's *Siege of Corinth*.

'Tis midnight—on the mountains brown,  
The cold round moon shines dimly down;  
Blue roll the waters, blue the sky  
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,  
Respangled with those isles of light  
So wildly, spiritually bright:  
Whoever gazed upon them shining,  
And turned to earth without repining;  
Nor wished for wings to flee away  
And mix with their eternal ray?  
The waves on either shore lay there,  
Calm, clear, and azure as the air;  
And scarce their form the pebbles shook,  
But murmured meekly as the brook;  
The winds were pillowed on the waves,  
The Banners drooped along their staves;  
And that deep silence was unbroke,  
Save where the watch his signal spoke.



## ORIGINAL TALE.

SLANDER.—CHAP. II.

"An honest tale speeds best, when plainly told."

The reader is ever anxious to know when, and where the incidents of a story occur; and as it will add much to the satisfaction of the writer, he will assign to Jane and Orphan a residence in a flourishing town on the banks of the Kennebec, where, a few years since, the waving pine and stately oak occupied the places now dedicated to the altar and fireside.—To those who delight in the march of civilization—the progress of learning—the usurpation of indolence by industry—and enterprize in the full tide of operation, we direct them to the shores of the Kennebec. But it is not our intention to dwell upon the happy contrast of any one portion of our country from what it *was* to what it *is*. We leave this subject to abler pens, and proceed with Alonzo.

A few weeks only had elapsed since his departure, ere he learned that Jane had pledged her hand to another; and though he believed it not, still, prompted by the better feelings of his nature, he addressed her a letter, in which he briefly stated all that had been made known to him, at the same time requesting an impartial answer; for if she loved another it was alike her duty to disclose it, as his interest to know it. Shall we say that this letter was written, under such circumstances, with a feeling of disinterestedness? No—the style bespoke the loss of hopes and joys. No longer was the summer of prosperity joyous to Alonzo, for, alas! his only happiness was now wrecked, and swallowed up in the abyss of wretchedness.

In answer to Alonzo's letter, Jane admitted the fact that she had prematurely wandered from the path of fidelity, but on reflection, discovering her error, had resolved to go no farther. She said that the tear of contrition had already been shed, and she hoped for pardon. It appeared evident that her fault was the mere whim of a momentary excitement. The question of most importance was not, however, answered.—Had she violated the sanctity of an oath that made her dearer to Alonzo than every other being? If *another* had claims to her love, Alonzo wished not to urge his, although possessing priority.—Anxious to ascertain the truth, he no longer delayed writing to his rival, whose answer was satisfactory and conclusive—but far from alleviating the sorrows of Alonzo. Thus far he had been led to believe that he had become the dupe of Jane's duplicity.

Every thing connected with this affair became publicly known, and Alonzo was repeatedly advised to discard from his memory an object so unworthy his esteem.—Had those who counselled him been placed in his situation, they would have known how strongly she had been rivited to his heart, and how fondly memory clings to the being around whom our hopes, happi-

ness and love are twined. O, ye cold, misanthropic souls, who never felt the genial warmth of affection, how poorly can you estimate, and how little do you partake of the purest earthly joy—the love of woman. The gay hour of youth may pass, but it leaves a charm for ever new. Its hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, go with us into after life, and become our passport to the Eden of bliss—or, lost to our recollection, leave us wretched and alone.

When the mind is perplexed it often yields to objects without consideration;—and as Jane was now situated, she involuntarily renounced Alonzo, at the solicitation of Orphan, and under an impression that her past wavering conduct would be regarded with less censure by her father, she swerved from truth, and gave her hand to—Orphan; the slanderer of Alonzo—the defamer—the villain. This, for a time was kept secret, and even months passed with Alonzo in the expectation of a letter from Jane. At last one arrived, containing the intelligence, in a few lines, without a single comment, of her wishes that he would consider all engagements between them at an end.

Reader, do not wonder that vice has thus far triumphed—do not believe that the day of retribution will not overtake the slanderer. He has indeed succeeded in his villainy—but ere he sleeps upon the bridal couch the curse of conscience shall bend him in shame. Though the victim of his malignity is bereft of all his once bright hopes, he scorns to trample upon his enemy, knowing that his deeds will bring a full reward. The advantage taken of Alonzo's absence will be repaid ten fold; and if the pang of bitter remorse is not felt, surely the contempt of the honest will follow him to his grave. Go, then, wretched man, to all thy pleasures—but, remember, thou art accursed by Alonzo, who lives to hate thee—slanderer!

We shall conclude this chapter, and the tale, by offering a few remarks upon the present condition of the respective parties of the foregoing *facts*—for such they are, without the slightest degree of colouring. It has not been a pleasing task thus far, but the author has had only one wish in view—that of impressing upon the mind of Orphan, the many acts of base treachery, which has marked the past two years of his existence. And now that this task has been accomplished, we advise him by every honest feeling, to retrace in memory the past, and for the future profit by it; ever keeping in view, a day, when the secret actions of all will be disclosed, and the wicked exposed to shame.

To Jane we tender our sympathy;—she has been led from the path of honour and fidelity to one who valued her as his own happiness. May she be an example to all reflecting minds, of the sad traces which broken vows, and violated oaths are calculated to make upon the confiding youth. We bid her farewell, trusting that her good sense will predominate over her pas-

sions, and before it is for ever too late, lead her to scorn the slanderer, and choose a man who *can* value and reward virtue.

Alonzo, thy lot has been cast among strangers. The integrity of thy character is now a source of the purest happiness to you. Learn to estimate the good opinion of those who detest baseness wherever it may be seen. Pursue the path of rectitude, and may you at last find one to whom with confidence you can confide your peace on earth, and with whom you may live in pleasure.

## THE FATE OF ORPHAN—A FRAGMENT.

\*\*\*\* He lived detested by the good; his life was one continued scene of persecution; he professed a reliance upon the mercy of Heaven, and boldly came forward to support the cause of Christianity; but he was a *hypocrite*! Living and deceiving, he made miserable a fellow-being, and contaminated the virtues of one, who was without "spot or blemish." He is, in every respect, a traitor to the cause of suffering innocence. May he be foiled in his pursuits, and condemned to hatred!

The bloom of hope has faded; the virtue of woman has fled; the slanderer pleads guilty! G.

## ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

For the American Athenæum.

## A STRANGER.

Mr. Editor—Sir: If the following reflections, &c. (of a stranger, far from home, without money and employ, and every effort to obtain employment resisted with a kind of fatality,) have any consequence attached to them that may be useful to others, you are at liberty to publish them; and, in short, Sir, it is the request of the Author.

The destroyer was lurking on the margin of the Hudson: he found his seat with the joyous, where the motto is written "To raise the genius and to mend the heart." Sly and fatal to my peace was the deed! The hand was unperceived and ruthless—and the dependence of a stranger perished at its grasp! But why do I lament thy loss, thou little heap of shining dust. The love of thee has doomed thousands to the wretched dungeon—and thou dost furnish the scaffold with its victims! Thou art the draught that poisons the integrity of the judge! For thee, the assassin draws the midnight dagger, and felony lurks in its secret places! Yet, thou dost warm the widow's heart, and light to smiles the cheek of the meagre orphan! Thou canst relieve the slave from coercive misery; neglected genius from obscurity, and the pining prisoner from the sickly dungeon!

I lament thy loss, because thou hast served to contaminate a fellow worm with felony! I lament thy loss, because the want of thee has exposed me to the insults of men, and to the suggestions of temptation, to retrieve, by acts of desperation, the corroding privation! Pride is inwoven in

mind of man, and when the hard hand of fortune is upon him, rather than at once to sink to abject nothingness in the estimation of his fellows, he often gives way to the machinations of the tempter, and while he commits a crime not to be erased from his conscience, detection precludes him from the pleasant walks of society for ever! I shudder! what, if in an unguarded moment, it should lead me to the commission of crime, and my name reach the little circle of my distant kindred, loaded with infamy! Far more consolatory the news of my exit. May virtue hope when borne down by depression? Scarcely—where extreme self-love has bended the generous sentiments of the human soul into a current tinged by avaricious meanness!—To the merchant I am a stranger; it is enough; any papers that might have spoken for me, are arrested from me by the act of another—an act which I could neither foresee nor prevent. There is no trust in a stranger! away!—So with the office, notwithstanding all remaining testimony of ability and integrity. What a misfortune to be a stranger! An unfortunate stranger, how unfortunate! Vainly have I courted the spade and mattock, my hands and dress betray me an idler; there is no employ! Shall I sit myself down amid the multitude, and solicit the passing stranger in sympathy to afford his mite? Who will give credence to my tale?—and how shall the protests of pride be silenced? And how will temptation unfold its desperate views at such a time? What voice, but a short time since, sounded from this flourishing city, until even the shores of Michigan and Superior reverberated the echo of 'Business and life in New-York!' O, destructive *cadence*, that bids famine, and inaction seize the emigrant and traveller, on a misfortune like mine! Bright scenes of departed years! how ye rise in comparison with the gloomy present! On the page of memory ye are brilliantly drawn in mockery of the present hour! Groves of other years, that have often echoed to my school-boy voice, distance forbids you to give response to my wretchedness! Companions of my youthful sports; to you ambiguous is my fate—ye know it not! Maternal tenderness; the acute pang of knowing an offspring's dejection, Heaven kindly withholds, and leads the bosom of a fond mother to glow with lively hopes for the welfare of an absent son! Or have the unfriendly Genii, in anger advertised thee of my fate? Thou, whose prayer has so oft ascended from the cradle where thou hast anxiously watched thy sleeping boy! Fair was the prospect of future years; the lane of life was spangled with flowers, and its broad fields lighted by hope, when the farewell, faltered from kindred lips, and the playful breeze wafted me from the home of my youth! Fertile and blooming vallies of Ohio, why did ye not fence me in with your sweets, and forbid me to depart? Zephyrs of Erie, why came ye gamboling

over the bosom of the lucid lake, bearing the bark along the curling wave? Laurel of New-York, why didst thou beckon the stranger along the channel of Art? for the destroyer was lurking on the margin of the Hudson! Wilds of Ohio, take me to your recesses! the sickened heart may there revive, and the soft breeze of Erie, cool this fevered brain! Far rather would I die in the dark dell of my childish rambles, than expire beneath the feet of thousands in the populous city! my rest would be sweet beneath my fav'rite moss-seat, but restless my slumbers in the Potters-field! If I leave the city, I leave it a mendicant, and that, by another's act! Who will insure me alleviation in the country, if I leave the city in distress? Do I invoke the ear of humanity, or seek for the sympathy of the reader? O, pride! pride! I ask for employment, that I may procure an honest livelihood, and be useful to my employer, and to society. But I ask almost without hope, for we must judge by precedents! Welcome me to your bosom, vales of the proud-rolling Ohio; or genius of encouragement, give me a station (lest I perish) in that city, renowned for its virtues, its arts, and its sympathies for the oppressed!

CHATTERTON JR.

For the American Athenæum.

STANZAS.

Go on, go on, unfeeling world,  
And wider spread the low'ring cloud;  
Let every ray of light be hurl'd,  
Where darkness weaves the ebon shroud;  
Read every hope of youth away,  
And follow with the freezing frown;  
Give me the Upas for a Bay,  
And call on want to chain me down.

Yet, know, proud world, *one* spark exists  
Unawed by your combined n  
Soaring above your rude abyss,  
And resting in its author, God!  
With look repulsive, self-fed zeal,  
Man marks his brother's tear-drops fall;  
His sympathies, by Milan steel  
Are guarded, when the wretched call;  
Thanks for thy frowns! for I have learned  
By them, a richer source to woo,  
Where, what *thou* hast denied, I turn  
And find, and what *thou* gav'st, review.  
A moment's stay, and yet man builds  
As if Eternity were *here*;  
Shuns thy broad light, celestial day,  
And basks him in a mundane sphere!

To avarice, victim! self-love, slave!  
Deaf to a brother's mis'ries too!  
One spark divine outlives the grave;  
Thanks, thou unfeeling world, adieu!

WESTERN BARD.

ON A MISER.

They call thee rich, I deem thee poor,  
Since if thou dar'st not use thy store,  
But sav'st it only for thine heirs,  
The treasure is not thine, but theirs.

THE CABINET.

THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL.

By Mrs. Hemans.

Why do I weep?—to leave the vine,  
Whose clusters o'er me bend?  
The myrtle—yet, oh! call it mine!  
The flowers I loved to tend?  
A thousand thoughts of all things dear,  
Like shadows o'er me sweep,  
I leave my sunny childhood here,  
Oh! therefore let me weep!  
I leave thee, sister!—we have play'd  
Through many a joyous hour,  
Where the silvery green of the olive shade  
Hung dim o'er the fount and the bower!  
Yes! thou and I, by stream, by shore,  
In song, in prayer, in sleep,  
Have been as we may be no more—  
Kind sister, let me weep!  
I leave thee father! Eve's bright moon  
Must now light other feet,  
With the gather'd grapes and the lyre in tune,  
Thy homeward steps to greet!  
Thou in whose voice to bless thy child,  
Lay tones of love so deep;  
Whose eye o'er all my youth hath smiled,—  
I leave thee; let me weep!  
Mother! I leave thee!—on thy breast  
Pouring out joy and woe,  
I have found that holy place of rest  
Still changeless—yet I go!  
Lips that have lull'd me with your strain,  
Eyes that have watch'd my sleep!  
Will earth give love like yours again?  
Sweet mother! let me weep!

THOMSON AND GARRICK.

When Thomson, the celebrated author of *The Seasons*, had his tragedy of *Tancred and Sigismunda* performed at Drury-lane, several friends joined Mr. Sheridan, to entreat Thomson to shorten speeches, which they foresaw would weary the audience; but they offended the poet, without effecting their purpose. Garrick, who played *Tancred*, listened and said nothing; but, at rehearsals, though apparently perfect in his part, continued occasionally to take the prompter's copy, and read. The first night, however, without a whisper of his intention, he curtailed his own part, wherever his judgment directed, and the applause he received was great, while Mr. Sheridan and other actors, who had long and tedious parts, laboured on with great difficulty. The conduct of Garrick saved the piece; and Thomson, enraged when he heard the first omissions, in the end returned Garrick his hearty thanks.

CHARLES BANNISTER.

That inveterate punster, coming into a coffee-house, one stormy night, said, "he never saw such a wind." "Saw a wind," replied a friend, "what was it like?" "Like," answered Charles, "to have blown my hat off."

That man will never be proud who considers his own imperfections, and those of human nature.



## THE ATHENÆUM.

TACTUS SOLI NATALIS AMORE.

NEW-YORK:

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1825.

THE ATLANTIC SOUVENIR.—A copy of this elegant little work, just issued from the Philadelphia press, fell under our notice a few evenings since in one of our principle bookstores in Broadway. It is a pocket volume, highly embellished, composed of several original tales and poems, and designed as a Christmas, or a New-Year's gift, and it reflects equal credit on the literary talent displayed in it and on its typographical execution.

It has been for several years customary in England to prepare a volume of this kind annually unaccompanied with an almanack or directory, but altogether devoted to short but pithy productions from the most able pens in the country. Several of these have been sent over to this country, and they have in general acquired a deserved popularity for the merits of both their prose and poetical contents. The growing taste for our indigenous literature has induced the enterprising publishers, Messrs. Carey and Lea, to imitate this laudable example, and to open an additional field for the exertion of talent among our countrymen. Accordingly, in the Atlantic Souvenir for 1825, every article is from the pen of some one of our most celebrated authors, among whom are mentioned, in the preface, the names of Paulding, Bryant, Sedgwick, Walsh, &c. as having contributed to this first attempt. The only production, however, of which the author is designated is the *Catholic Iroquois*, which is ascribed to the pen of the author of *Redwood*. The omission in the other instances is to be regretted, but they are not the less entitled to praise, and the whole performance is such as to merit general approbation and support. We shall probably furnish our readers with a poetical extract or more in our next number.

## COMMODORE M'DONOUGH.

"How sleep the brave, who sink to rest  
"By all their country's wishes blest!"

The death of this gallant officer and accomplished gentleman has awakened the most lively feelings of regret in the breasts of his countrymen, and will long be deplored as an irreparable loss to that service of which he was one of the most distinguished ornaments and the most active and zealous supporters. His career, like that of his valiant compeer, the hero of Lake Erie, the lamented Perry, has been short, but brilliant and eminently useful to his country. We all remember the victory on Champlain, and the awfully critical period in which it was achieved. It was in the darkest hour of our country's danger, when the flames of our sacked capital were lighting the foe to their meditated work of destruction, and this state had more especially been selected, as in the old war of the revolution, for the great object of attack and invasion. A numerous and gallant army, flushed with their victories in Europe, had invaded our northern frontier, and their success would have been the signal for the powerful navy, that was riding on our coast, to have landed and made an easy capture of the harbour and city of New-York. The undaunted bravery and firmness of M'Donough arrested them at the

very onset, and the submission of their entire naval force on the lake, compelled them forthwith to abandon their attempt, and infused new life and vigor into the hearts of our desponding citizens. The issue of the event was no longer doubtful, and M'Donough's name was enrolled among the benefactors of his country.

"A tomb is his on every page,  
An epitaph on every tongue;  
The present hours, the future age,  
For him bewail, to him belong."

CONGRESS.—Although it has never been part of our plan to meddle with the petty politics of the daily newspapers, the discussions concerning which generally remind us of the difference 'twixt *tweedle-dum* and *tweedle-dee*, we believe we shall not render an unacceptable offering to our readers, if we occasionally acquaint them with the nature and the progress of the important questions which are agitated in the national legislature. The ensuing session, which commences on Monday next, promises to be one of unusual interest, and will undoubtedly draw forth the most distinguished talent and wisdom of the national councils. The differences which have unhappily arisen between the general government and the state of Georgia, the subjects of internal improvement, national bankruptcy, and the adoption of a more uniform method of election for the office of President of the United States, will severally attract attention, and to the discussions which will arise on each of these interesting and momentous topics we shall occasionally devote a few paragraphs.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—The College at New-Brunswick, New-Jersey, the exercises of which had been suspended for several years, for want of funds, has been lately revived under the most favourable auspices. It was opened for the reception of students on the 14th instant. The following gentlemen compose the faculty:

Rev. Philip Milledoler, D. D. President of the College, and Professor of Moral Philosophy and the Evidences of Christianity.

Rev. John Dewitt, D. D. Professor of Belles Lettres, the Elements of Criticism and Logic.

Rev. Selah S. Woodhull, D. D. Professor of Metaphysics and the Philosophy of the Human Mind.

Rev. William C. Brownlee, D. D. Professor of Languages.

Robert Adrain, L. L. D. Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy.

We feel assured that the talents of the gentlemen now named will ensure to this institution a prosperous and useful career.

A second volume of "*National Tales*" has just made its appearance. Three of the tales are original, and two of them "*the Hoosac Mountain*" and "*the Fortune teller*" are highly spoken of.

## THE DRAMA.

## PARK THEATRE.

"Shakspeare is your only tragedy maker," after all. There never was any other mind but his, which could have conceived the character of Lear, and we are not advancing too much surely, when we say, that no other mind could have embodied it with such terrific energy and truth, but that of Edmund Kean. Of all Shakspeare's tragedies, we regard Lear as the one which is the most powerfully calculated to subdue all minds

and hearts without distinction of tastes, education, or prejudices. There are some minds not ethereal enough to relish the lofty strain of moral sentiment in Hamlet—others, too fond of the dull realities of life to suffer themselves to be bewitched by the wild romance of Macbeth—and others, again, too self-confident and phlegmatic to sympathise with the tortured feelings and agonised jealousy of the noble Moor—but who that has a spark of filial affection warming his breast, or the organ of veneration ever so little developed, that will not melt at the sight of a poor despised old man, exposed to scorn and shame, and the "pelting of the pityless storm," by the unlooked for ingratitude of two savage daughters, to whom, in a foolish hour of capricious fondness, he had given away crown—power—every thing? If such there be, let his heart be anatomised—its fibres must be curiously wrought—or let his cranium be subjected to the knowing touch of the adept in phrenology—some bump will be found wanting. The imprecation of the distracted king on Goneril still rings in our ears—we see the passionate king, on his knees, supplicating vengeance from heaven, and we doubt no longer who is the greatest actor we have ever seen. One of the finest touches Kean gave, was perhaps the manner in which he expressed the following passage:

"Did I not, fellow?  
"I've seen the day, with my good biting fault-chion,  
"I could have made them skip: *I am old now.*"

The transition from the ardent tone in which the first part of this passage was delivered to that in which the four words in *Italic* were uttered, was magical.

Kean has performed Lear, Brutus, and Othello for the second time, to very fashionable and well filled houses. On Friday he takes his benefit.

The Italian Opera commenced its operations on Tuesday evening, under the most favourable auspices. We shall notice the performance at large in our next.

## CHATHAM THEATRE.

On Monday evening Maturin's tragedy of Bertram was performed, and drew a fashionable audience. The beautiful language and fine poetry which pervades this piece, compensate for its deficiency of natural character. The plot is rather absurd, but ingeniously brought about. We have ever considered it one of the best tragedies extant. While it affords great advantages to the talents of the tragedian, and calculated as it is to impress the feelings, we cannot but admire the purity and force of its style. The following passage speaks to the heart:

"Bertram.—Imagine—yes,  
Thus pale, cold, dying, thus thou art most fit,  
To be enfolded to this desolate heart—  
*A blighted lily on its icy bed.*"

Mr. Wallack's Bertram was a clever piece of acting, particularly in the second scene of the first act, while the supplicating Imogene implored his mercy. He portrayed the broken heart in all the acuteness of his misery.

"Bertram hath kissed thy child." was uttered with peculiar force. We wish to see him again in the character. Mr. Durang's Aldobrand did not please us much. Mr. Scott acted rather than imitated the holy Prior. The Monks performed their service with much assumed reverence. The character of Imogene was admirably personated by Mrs. Entwistle. Of her acting it is hardly necessary for us to speak; she is highly appreciated, and justly, too.